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PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

Weekly Register.

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SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1804.

Friendship put to the Test.

From the French of MARMONTEL.

[*translated by a young lady.*]

(continued)

THE time appointed for Blandford's return approached. It was essential that every thing should be so contrived as to conceal from him the ill consequences of his absence; who could have forced Corally to conceal them, but Nelson himself? He returned therefore to London; but languishing, dejected to such a degree, as not to be known. The sight of him overwhelmed Juliette with grief; and what an impression did it not make on Corally! Nelson endeavoured to comfort them; but the very attempt confirmed his own dejection. The slow fever, which consumed him, increased; he was forced to yield to it, and this gave occasion for a new contest between his sister and the young Indian. The latter would not quit Nelson's pillow. She importuned earnestly that her cares and watchings might be accepted of. They kept her away out of pity to herself, and a regard for him; but she enjoyed not that repose which they wished to afford her. Every moment in the night they found her wandering near the appartment of the diseased, or motionless at the threshold of the door, with tears in her eyes, her soul on her lips, her ear listening to the least noise, every one of which froze her with fear.

Nelson perceived that his sister never would let him see her without reluctance. "Do not afflict her," said he; "it is to no purpose, sincerity is no longer seasonable. It is by good usage and patience that we ought to endeavour to cure her."

"Corally, my good friend," said he to her, when Juliette only was with them; "would not you give any thing to restore me to my health.

"Heavens! I would give my life!"

"You may cure me at less expense. Our prejudices are perhaps unjust, and our principles void of humanity; but a man of honour cannot violate them. I have been Blandford's friend, even from his childhood. He has as much confidence in me as in himself; and the chagrin he must feel in my robbing him of a heart, which he has committed to my charge, must dig my grave every day. You can easily perceive whether I exaggerate. I do not conceal from you the source of that poison which consumes me. You only can prevent its progress. I do not demand it as a right; but it is vain to seek for any other remedy. Blandford comes! if he should perceive that you treat him with indifference: if you should refuse him the hand, which, were it not on my account, you would have given to him, be well assured that I cannot survive his distress, and my own remorse. Our embraces will be our adieu. My dear child, consider, and if you would have me live, justify me with respect to my friend!"

"Oh! live! and dispose of me as you please," said Corally, forgetting herself; and these words so fatal to love, excited joy in the bosom of friendship.

"But," resumed the Indian, after a long silence, "how can I give myself to one whom I do not love, with my heart full of him whom I do love?"

"Child, in a soul dedicated to honour, duty is always predominant. In losing the hope of being mine, you will even lose the idea of being so. It will doubtless put you to some difficulty; but my life depends on it, and you will have the consolation of having saved me."

"That is all I could wish; I surrender on that condition. Sacrifice your victim; she may groan, but she will obey. But you, Nelson, I say you, who are truth itself, would you have me to play the hypocrite, and that I should impose on your friend? Would you instruct me in the art of dissimulation?"

"No, Corally, dissimulation is useless. I have not been so unhappy as to extinguish gratitude, esteem, or the sweets of friendship in you. Those sentiments are due to your benefactor; and they are sufficient for your husband, should you shew him no more. With respect to your inclination, which leans not to him, you owe him the sacrifice of it though not the confession. That which would hurt, if discovered, ought always to remain concealed; and dangerous truth has silence for its refuge."

"Juliette shortened this scene, which was so painful to each of them. She led Corally away, and there was no endearment, or commendation, which she did not make use of to console her. "It is thus," said the young Indian, with a smile of bitterness, "that on the Ganges they flatter the grief of a widow, who is going to devote herself to the flames of her husband's funeral pile. They dress her, they crown her with flowers, and stupify her with songs of praise. Alas! her sacrifice is soon consumed; but mine will be both cruel and permanent. My dear friend, I am not yet eighteen. What tears have I yet to shed till the moment that my eyes shall close for ever."

This melancholy sentiment discovered to Juliette a soul absorbed in grief.

She endeavoured no longer to console her, but mingled her grief with her's. Complaisance, persuasion, indulgent and feeling compassion, every delicacy which friendship can boast of, was made use of to no effect.

At last the arrival of Blandford is announced; and Nelson, notwithstanding his weakness and infirmity, went to the port to meet, and to welcome him. Blandford could not conceal his astonishment and uneasiness on seeing him. "Make not yourself uneasy," said Nelson; "I have been ill indeed, but am now recovering my health again. I see you again, and joy is a balm that will soon revive me. I am not the only one, whose health has suffered by your long absence. Your pupil is somewhat altered; which may be owing to the air of our climate. Besides she has made a considerable progress; her understanding, her talents have unfolded themselves: and if the kind of languor she is fallen into, should dissipate, you will possess what is wery extraordinary—a woman, in whom nature has left nothing deficient."

Blandford, therefore, was not surprised at finding Corally weak and languid; but he was much affected at it. "It seems," said he, "that heaven designed to moderate my joy, and punish the impatience, which my duty occasioned, when absent from you. I am now here again restored to myself, restored to love and friendship."

The word love made Corally tremble; Blandford perceived her anxiety. "My friend," said he to her, "ought to have prepared you for the confession, you have just heard."

"Yes, your kindness is well-known to me; but can I approve of the excess of it?"

"This is a language which savours of the European politeness; join with me to forget it. Artless, tender Corally, I have known the time, when had I said to you, "Shall Hymen unite us?" you would have answered me without disguise, "With all my heart, or, I cannot consent to it." Make use of the same frankness now. I love you, Corally, but I love to make you happy; your unhappiness would be mine."

Nelson fixed his eyes, and waited for a reply, which he trembled to guess.

"I am stopped," said she to Blandford, "by a fear similar to your's. While I considered you only as a friend, and second father, I said to myself, he will be satisfied with my veneration and affectionate regard; but if the name of husband should be added to titles already sacred, what have you not a right to expect? Have I it in my power to acquit myself towards you?"

"Oh! that amiable modesty is worthy of adorning thy other virtues. Yes, thou half of myself, thy duties are fulfilled, if thou returnest my tenderness. Thy idea has followed me every where. My soul fled back towards thee across the abyss which separated us; I have taught the name of Corally to the echoes of another world. "Madam," said he to Juliette, "forgive me if I envy you the happiness of enjoying her company. It will not be long before I shall myself watch over a health which is so precious to me. I will leave you the care of Nelson's, it is a deposit which is equally dear to me. Let us live happily, my friends, it is you that have made me sensible of the value of life; and when I exposed it, I have often felt that I held it by the most powerful ties."

It was determined that Corally should be Blandford's wife within a week. In the meanwhile she still remained with Juliette, and Nelson never left her. To be perpetually employed to smother his own tears, while he was wiping off those of his mistress, who sometimes, dejected at his feet, sometimes fainting, and falling into his arms, conjured him to have pity on her, without allowing his weakness a moment's respite, and without ceasing to recal to his mind his cruel resolution; this torture seemed above the powers of nature to undergo; for this cause Nelson's virtue wavered every minute.

"Leave me," said he, "unhappy girl; I am not a tiger, I have a sensible heart, and you rend it in pieces. Dispose of yourself, dispose of my life; but let me die faithful to my friend."

"And can I make use of my own will, at the danger of your life? Alas! Nelson, at least promise me to live; not for my sake, but the sake of a sister, for a sister who loves you to idolatry."

"I should deceive you, Corally. Not that I would make any attempt upon my life; but consider the condition to which my love has reduced me: see how the effects of my remorse and shame are anticipated; shall I be less odious less inexorable to myself, when the crime is consummated?"

"Alas! you mention the word crime! Is it not one then to tyrannize over me?"

"You are free; I ask no more. I know not even what your duty is, or your obligations are; but I know too well what mine are, and wish not to violate them." *(to be continued)*

HINTS

FOR THE DISPOSAL OF A DAY.

AFTER having fasted so long as the whole night, even from supper unto thy up-rising, very meet it is that thou shoulds't break thy fast.—Let thy tea-equipage then be set in trim array,—let thy toast and butter—or muffin, if thou givest it the preference—be kept warm until thy tea be poured forth; they were made to go together. I approve not *coffee*, for the same is drying, and preyeth upon the nerves—I approve not *chocolate*, for that is heavy, and hard of digestion. Among the various tribes of Tea, the unadulterate Hyson challengeth thy particular attention.

Calculate thy expences of the day, and make allowance for contingencies.—Consider, that in one dollar are contained 100 cents. Avoid profusion; he that deriveth benefit from thy extravagance, laugheth at thee in his sleeve.

Shun, as thou would'st a house infected with the plague, the tables of the *great*.—Lo! their luxurious dainties are full of poisonous ingredients— A good taste disowneth them, and true happiness hath said unto them, "I know ye not."—Leave the rich to the rich: Let those who resemble each other associate together; so shalt thou not be defiled by an imitation of their pernicious manners.

But if, for thy sins, thou art compelled to murder a meal with them, behold with mute compassion and silent disdain their solemn sacrifices to Vanity and to Pride.—Behold the sideboard glittering with loads of plate—even like unto a garland, dressed up with *tankards*, to celebrate the *twelfth of May* in the great City.—On this the Master of the Mansion vaunteth, and saith unto himself—"Ha! am I not a rich man?"—Alas! thou mistaken Mortal, know'st thou not how dear it costeth thee? Didst thou not *sell thyself* to purchase it?——Art thou not to be eschewed as much as the mercenary Harlot, who liveth by the wages of prostitution!

Happy those——the happiest of the human species—whose evenings are beguiled by the winning conversation of a deserving Fair-One!—such a companion—a softer friend—will make thee

ample amends for the duties of the day.—Her beauty shall ensure thy constant attachment to her—her good sense shall lead thine in captivity—her virtue is under thy protection!—Ah! do not lay snares for her innocence—Thou canst not ruin *her* reputation, but with the loss of thine own honour.

The hour of supper approacheth—It cannot be too moderate—too light—too digestable—Remember that temperance is the true luxury of life.

Behold the *flambeau* of experience held out to thee!—Art thou too proud to light thy lamp at it!—The consequences be on thy own head!—Thou wilt repent of thy self-conceit, and, peradventure, be punished for it.

THE RESIGNED HUSBAND.

AN ANECDOTE.

A COUNTRY 'squire, finding his wife (who had several times disappointed him by quacking herself out of some formidable disorders, just when he thought her on the point of moving into another world) in a condition, one day which baffled all her own applications and seemed to bid defiance to the power of medicine, dispatched his servant, in a great hurry, out of decency, to a Doctor in the neighbourhood. When the Doctor came he told him his wife's case with a very sorrowful countenance, slipping at the same time, his fee into his hand. "I will do what I can for Mrs. B——." said Esculapius, after a long pause. "She is indeed in a very bad way," added he, after a still longer pause, "we must have a consultation: I am afraid she will never recover; a consultation is absolutely necessary; if she should die the world will talk; they'll say I killed her"—"Oh no"—"Either from want of knowledge in my profession"—"No no"—"or an obstinate attachment to my own prescriptions."—"No, no, never mind the world Doctor," replied Mr. B——, with additional eagerness, "your judgment is indisputable, and if she is to be cured, physic will do her business. But if she should, after all your endeavours to save her, die, and you should be accused of having been the cause of her death, I will defend you strongly against the malicious charge. I, as her husband, am answerable for all the consequences, and you may rest assured I shall not say a syllable against you for her death.

THE BIRD.

IF we were permitted to be dissatisfied with the condition of man, and were allowed to chuse our rank in the animal creation, what do you think would be my choice? I would be a bird.—not a bird of prey, but a swallow, or a bird of Paradise. I repeat it, I would wish to be a bird, because of the strength and extent of its vision.—How charmed should I be to soar over towns and steeples! to view extensive forests as verdured grass plots! to gaze on the vast circumference of the firmament! to keep in view the gold and azure brillancy of the clouds! to be able to elevate my body with astonishing rapidity, support and balance it in the air in a pliant combined flight! to turn every way, to send forth soft and melodious vibration!—Ah what rapture to dart towards the pompous luminary of the day, to plunge, to frolick in his rays! My eye by its structure would not be fatigued, but overjoyed; I would contemplate all the radiant colours, which to me would make the surface of the earth an enchanting lanscape. In a large track I would make long voyages.—I would run over republics and kingdoms, passing seas and visiting islands. Every night I would choose an elevated and shady repository; I would set out in the morning with the dawn, and always in the luxury of the enjoyment of vision, I would have before my eyes the rich perspective of nature in its true colours.

ADVICE TO READERS,

BY D'ISRAELI.

READERS must not imagine that all the pleasures of composition depend on the author; for there is something which a reader himself must bring to the book, that the book may please. There is a literary appetite, which the author can no more impart, than the most skilful cook can give appetency to the guests. When Cardinal Richelieu said to Godeau, that he did not understand his verses, the honest poet replied that it was not his fault. It would indeed be very unreasonable, when a painter exhibits his pictures in public to expect that he should provide spectacles for the short sighted. Every man must come prepared as well as he can. Simonides confessed himself incapable of deceiving stupid persons; and Balsac remarked, of the girls of his village, that they were too silly to be deceived by a man of sense. Dullness is impenetrable, and there are hours when the liveliest taste loses sensibility. The temporary tone of the mind may be unfavourable to taste a work properly, and we have had many erroneous criticisms from great men, which may often be attributed to this circumstance. The mind communicates its infirm disposition to the book, and an author hath not only his own defects to account for, but also those of his readers. There is something in composition like the game of Shuttlecock, where if the reader does not quickly rebound the feathered cork to the author, the game is destroyed, and the whole spirit of the work falls extinct.

BLIND-MAN's BUFF.

THE following trick was lately practised in a country town, and has afforded considerable diversion to the lovers of fun: Two persons possessed of more wit than money, and more impudence than either, entered a decent public house and ordered a good dinner—After having faired most sumptuously, and regaled themselves with the best beverage the the cellar afforded they began to amuse themselves with the game of blind-man's buff, in which they were at length joined by the landlord, whose turn to be blindfolded came in due time; when his guests having effectually bound the handkerchief over his eyes, quietly walked off leaving their host so much diverted by the game that some time elapsed before he discovered his playmates were gone, and that he was blind enough without the help of a bangage!

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

To know how to receive the full satisfaction of a present engagement, with a disposition prepared, at the same time, to yield it up without reluctance, is hardly, I doubt, reconcilable to humanity. Pain in being disunited from those we love is a tax we must be contented to pay, if we would enjoy the pleasures of the social affections. One would not wish indeed to be wholly insensible to disquietudes of this kind, and we must lose the same refined relish of our being, if we would upon all occasions possess our souls in a stoical tranquillity.

Pleasures too long continued, or rather too frequently repeated may spend the spirits, and thereby life too fast, to have it very long: like blowing a fire too often, which makes it indeed burn better, but last the less.

AN ORIGINAL TALE—BY ADELIO.
(continued)

A JOURNEY TO PHILADELPHIA;

OR,

MEMOIRS OF CHARLES COLEMAN SAUNDERS.

SOME years after, I returned to Philadelphia; the misfortunes of SAUNDERS, though not forgotten, yet the impression they made was partly effaced by time and various cares.

While walking one day in front-street, I was transported with the sight of SAUNDERS coming towards me, we instantly recognized each other, and were folded in a mutual embrace; I eagerly interrogated him on that subject, which my former knowledge of him and my astonishment at our present meeting naturally excited, when, after entering his house, he gave me the following information.

"THE day of my intended execution came, and with it my father: His presence was more distressing to me, than death itself; I wished to spare him the pangs a parent must feel, who is doomed to witness the ignominious death of a son, once dear to his affections; but fate had determined otherwise: Some person had informed him of my expected fate, and he hastened to bid me a last adieu. He entered my prison, I flew to embrace him, he received me with emotions, which his love of justice made him desirous of suppressing; but the tide of nature was powerful, and the severity of the judge was softened by the tenderness of the parent: Think, my friend, what must be the feelings of a parent, who has labored for years, to teach his offspring the duties of life, and the exercise of virtue,—a parent, venerable for his age, and whose life, was unstained with a crime, when he beholds the object of his love, forsake the paths of rectitude, and become the most detested villain, and your imagination will paint this scene, better than my words can describe it: He believed me guilty,—this impression I strove to remove, and succeeded; falsehood was so mean a crime, that he believed me incapable of it, though passion might have impelled to the perpetration of greater crimes. Yet the conviction of my innocence did not dispel his sorrow; to the pain which the death of a son will naturally produce, was added, the shameful manner by which justice inflicted the blow: I should die innocent, but would his conviction of this, induce the world to believe me so? Would not my death load my family with the shame and infamy, which an indiscriminating world casts on the relations of a murderer?—But now the appointed hour was come—I bade my friends farewel! and the cart moved towards the place of execution; the rope was fastened around my neck, the cap was about to be drawn over my eyes, and the signal was about to be given, the execution of which would hide the world from my view forever, when a sudden and piercing cry of "Save him! save him!" was heard, and a young woman rushed through the crowd, to the foot of the gallows; her distress and agitation soon discovered who she was, it was her for whose murder I was about to suffer! whom I thought I had seen perish on the memorable night when I left my paternal abode! Yet, here she was, by some means unaccountable to me, at the foot of the gallows, accusing herself as being the cause of my misfortunes, and imploring the sheriff to suspend my execution. The crowd pressed tumultuously around, and joined their cries to hers.—The rope was unfastened, and I reconducted to prison.

"I had been saved, in the last moment, from an infamous death; a prospect of life and liberty was open before me; my friends, and even the spectators congratulated me with that tenderness and joy which will naturally arise in the bosoms of men, when they behold innocence snatched from the fate which is only the punishment of guilt; yet, strange as it may seem, I was the only one who seemed to feel but little emotion: I had long contemplated death as certain and inevitable, I had prepared myself to meet it with a manly fortitude; I wished to prove with what dignity I could suffer a fate I had never merited, and conscious innocence brightened my prospect of eternity; the name of death had become familiar, and his terrible shaft had lost the keenness of its point; I returned to prison with but little more pleasure than I left it, and some hours elapsed ere I was sufficiently sensible of the blessing of renewed existence to be grateful for the gift; to no one was my life more gratifying, than the lovely EMILIA; her joy was not expressed by words, nor displayed by gestures; but was painted in lively colours on her expressive countenance, a sweet satisfaction animated every feature, and gave additional lustre to her beaming eyes.

"You will naturally be anxious to know how this change was produced; WARFIELD'S information was as follows; she had, for some reason she did not explain, determined to anticipate the hand of death by drowning herself; that she attempted it, you know; but the fear of death, proved stronger than her disgust of life, and with great difficulty she saved herself from that fate she had sought with so much secresy; but, dreading to return home and endure the severity of her parents' reproaches (who she supposed would be made acquainted with the circumstance) she fled to a relation in Maryland: Meanwhile the intelligence of my fate reached her, alarmed at the consequences her folly was likely to occasion, she hastened to Philadelphia, thinking it probable she might arrive in time to avert the fate which hung over me; when she reached the city, she saw the immense concourse of people, who had assembled to witness my execution; curiosity led her to enquire my crime; the moment was propitious, and my life was preserved. Yet reflection dissipated a greater part of my joy, when I considered my present situation, my innocence of the crime of murder was proved, and I should probably be liberated in a short time from confinement; but who was to prove me innocent of meditated guilt? Would not I still be treated as a being dangerous to the community? Would the world consider me as much less guilty than before? I should be detested by all mankind, and condemned to wander through the world like an outcast from human society; I was conscious of my innocence, it is true; this had supported me at the most trying moment of my existence; but that proud, unbending spirit I had received from nature, and which had been strengthened by education, recoiled at the prospect. I wished to deserve the good opinion of all mankind, to command respect, though I could not inspire love; how then should I be able, when walking through the streets of the city, to bear to be shunned by all good men, and treated as a being with whom no one could safely commune; these reflections gave me intolerable anguish; I was almost tempted to wish I had perished by the hand of justice; I should then have slept quietly with the dead, the grave would have shielded me from the scorn of mankind, and insured my tranquillity.

"But my uneasiness was happily relieved—on the day succeeding that on which my life was saved, I was saved from a fate which I considered as little better than death, in the following manner, several of the persons who were witnesses at my trial visited me in prison, one of whom gave me the following welcome information, which I will give you in his own words.

(to be concluded)

For the Philadelphia Repository.

The more inform'd the less he understood,
And deeper sunk by flound'ring in the mud.
Dryden.

MR. SCOTT,

ONCE more I request you to bear with me in this silly controversy, and I promise you it shall be the last.

After the examination L'AMI's productions have received I might, it is true, have suffered them quietly to have sunk into forgetfulness; but when I considered that every examination would have a tendency, if not to improve him, to benefit some of your equally young correspondents, I determined to give an answer that so he might not be wise in his own conceit.

In the last communication of L'AMI he has shewn more ingenuity than I thought he was master of; not only has he seen things which *are*, but things which are not! he with a bold face quotes me as writing thus, "I ought not to have written to please logicians as the greater number of your readers are not acquainted with logic." This sentence I never wrote every reader of the Repository knows, nay, L'AMI himself knew that he quoted me falsely—surely he ought to remember that *truth is a jewel.*

L'AMI said, "convinced that I must enter into a tedious controversy on a subject which will be pleasing to no one but a logician, &c." My answer "if so, L'AMI ought not to have written, for as the greater number of your readers are not logicians, and since he was not absolutely sure that he could please those who were, the better way would have been to have laid aside his pen, &c." This needs no comment; that the greater number of your readers are not logicians is an incontrovertable truth; L'AMI confesses he is no logician, and yet we find by his *quoting latin* that some pains have been taken in his education: I will now go farther, and inform him, that the science of logic is not studied by nine tenths of civil society—but instead of advising him not to write so as to please a logician, I just advise the contrary. I would request him to read *Euclid*, the best system of logic I know; he will then learn to reason either sylogistically or by induction, there he will be taught how to reason accurately; how to deduce fair conclusions from propositions already proven, and not to draw corollaries from hypothetical propositions.

He next endeavours to defend these words "If a person can get a virtuous and chaste wife, provided she really is so, by all means let him marry," by quoting this sentence, "there is none that doeth good, no not one," which is in every part inapplicable; but I will give him one in point, a magistrate marrying a couple lately, made use of these words "remember, my friends, you are now going together not for a day, or a month, or a year, but for your whole life time, provided it please God you really live so long!" here L'AMI may see the figure in all its beauty, and may imitate it as closely as he pleases in all his future productions by me uncensured. I advised L'AMI to try to write sense, if possible. He answers with the following question, "if not possible, why need I try?" If I had written thus, try to write sense, but that is impossible, his question would have been in point, but as it is it hath neither sense or meaning—I therefore counsel him again to be more careful and try, if possible, to write sense—it is still possible, though I must confess the probability grows less; a wise man may fall into errors, but a fool only will defend them.

I give L'AMI credit for his observation on my saying "his next sentence is not yet finished," says he "how can it be a sentence?" in this he is logically correct; but it is a figure* commonly used to put the whole for a part or part for the whole; thus "Cæsar Augustus put forth a decree that all the world should be taxed," meaning the Roman empire; he says the latin lines complete it; I deny the assertion; in his sentence he is speaking of a man intending to marry; the poet from whom he quotes; speaks of a married man whose wife is a domineering scold, therefore it cannot apply to a man who the pedant says, thinks only of an "*intended uxor*;" "the latin lines complete it," this brings to my memory *Butler's* description of the language of *Hudibras*—

"It was a party colour'd dress,
Of patch'd and pyeball'd languages;
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin;
Like fustian heretofore on satin;
It had an odd promiscuous ton
As if h' had talk'd three parts in one,
Which made some think when he did gabble
H' had heard three laborers of Babel"

But he goes on thus, "That I am no logician was granted, it was an axiom." It was not granted, his words are, "I am no great logician" and if it had, would not have been an axiom, because without his granting it, which only flows from a postulate, his essays proved it beyond all dispute. He requests me to explain this sentence, "we have something like argument though very futile" "If it be something like argument, it cannot be argument; how silly would it be to say a critic is something like a critic; if there be no argument, what does the adjective futile agree with? complete grammarian! does not know that a quality must have a property to be united with?"—

It is really laughable to hear this *boy* talk; a quality must have a property united with it!!! for shame child, think ere you thus expose thyself, every quality or property must have a substance or noun with which it must agree, but a quality or property are equally included in the noun, the quality is not in the property, neither is the property in the quality; they are both found in their substantive—the word futile agrees with *something* like argument read your grammar, my good boy, and you will find the rule for this, if you cannot, ask the editor, he will point it out to you—I wish you to learn—Do not think I charged you with producing an argument, be assured I did not—for I have not been able to find ONE in all your productions. L'AMI deserves credit for one thing, in the piece before me, we have no latin!—in this he hath done well; when next the fit for latin quotations takes him, I hope he will translate better, as his translations are very inaccurate.—

He may rest assured that I did not take up his essays because they were worthy of criticism; but because there were too many in the present day who vilified the ordinance of marriage, and thus endeavoured to open a door for licentiousness,—I also thought a pity that the youth should write so inaccurately without having his errors pointed out.—If he profit by the reproof he has received, I shall be contented; if not, I shall rest satisfied in my good intentions; for, write what he will, he will no more be noticed by AN ADVOCATE FOR

MATRIMONY.

* Synecdoche puts the whole for a part or a part for the whole.

A GERMAN STORY.

THE son of an old Farmer, by some chance or other, had traveled through several remote countries, and as is not uncommon in such cases, returned home much richer in lies than in knowledge. A few days after his arrival, he accompanied his father (a sensible shrewd old fellow) to a market at some distance from the village. It happened that a mastiff dog passed that way, which as the young man beheld, "Bless me, father" cried he, "this dog puts me in mind of one I saw in my travels, at least as large as the largest of our cart horses." "What you tell me," replies the father, gravely, "astonishes me: but don't imagine that in this country we are wholly without prodigies; by and by we shall come to a bridge, which we shall be obliged to pass, and which is much more extraordinary than the dog of which you have been talking. They say it is the work of some witch. All I know of it is this, that there lies a stone in the middle of it, against which one is sure to stumble as one passes on, and break at least a leg, if it so happen that one has lied in the course of the day." The youth was a little startled at this strange account. "At what a rate you are walking father! but to return to this dog, how large did I say? As your largest horse? Nay, for that matter, I believe it might be saying a little too much; for I recollect it was but six months old: but I would be upon oath that it was as big as a heifer." Here the story rested till they were a mile or two advanced on their way. The young man was very far from being comfortable. The fatal bridge appears at a distance—"Hear me, my dear father; indeed the dog of which I have been speaking, was very large, but perhaps not quite so large as a heifer; I am sure, however, it was larger than a calf." At length they arrived at the foot of the bridge. The father passes on without a word. The son stops short—"Ah, father," says he, "you cannot be such a simpleton as to believe I have seen a dog of such a size; for, since I needs must speak the truth, the dog I met in my travels was about as big as the dog we saw."

MIND CONSEQUENCES.

A GENTLEMAN having discharged his man-servant for disobedience of orders, another called on him the following morning to offer his sevices, and his character proving good, they were accepted. Giving his orders afterwards, the master thus addressed his servant, "John in order to retain your present situation, and my good graces, you have nothing else to do but to pay attention to those two words, MIND CONSEQUENCES—for instance, if I tell you to lay the cloth, you must *consequently* put the knives, forks, and plates upon it. Whenever you open the door, you must *consequently* shut it after you." John promised to be obedient, and his master happening to fall ill a few days after, he was dispatched for an apothecary, who lived at the end of the street. One, two, three hours, however elapsed; and neither John nor the apothecary was heard of:—his master, whose impatience was by this time wound up to the highest pitch, was at length informed, that six gentlemen, headed by his new servant, were waiting without to speak with him. Surprised at such an extraordinary number of *uninvited* guests, he gave orders for John to come in and inform him who they were. "Why, sir," said the well-meaning fellow, who had caught his master's words, as he was entering the room, "you know you told me always to MIND CONSEQUENCES, so I thought if you wanted the apothecary, you would *consequently* soon have occasion for the physician, and where the physician makes his appearance the undertaker must *consequently* soon follow, the undertaker renders necessary the sexton, who is *consequently* followed by the grave digger; thus sir, I have only fulfiled your direction, to MIND CONSEQUENCES." The reason was an irrefragable one, and the servant's interpretation, together with the sight of the motley assemblage he had brought with him, excited so much laughter in his master, that it proved full as efficacious as the medicines of the apothecary, in promoting his cure.

ANECDOTE

Of the late Countess of Huntingdon.

THE late Countess of Huntingdon, the winter of 1787, received a cover directed to her, inclosing two masquerade tickets. She paid no regard to the insult; but, giving them to one of her deacons, bade him send them to some coffee-house at the west end of the town, and get what money he could for them, and give it to any deserving object of distress he thought proper. He accordingly disposed of them for a guinea, and with it, and some small addition to it, liberated a poor man from the Poultry Compter. Presence and tranquility of mind, benevolence, penetration, and acute observation, are said to have been the science of the Countess of Huntingdon. She delighted in meditation, that spring of unceasing pleasures, and true school of Wisdom. It is but justice to her memory to say, that she strictly adhered to the maxim of the primitive christians, viz. "that Religion consisted not in *talking*, but in *doing* good things."

EXTRACT.

THERE is no observation more frequently made by such as employ themselves in surveying the conduct of mankind, than that marriage though the dictate of Nature, and the institution of Providence, is yet very often the cause of misery; and that those who enter into that state can seldom forbear to express their repentance of the folly, and their envy of those whom either chance or caution has withheld from it. This general unhappiness has given occasion to many sage maxims among the serious, and smart remarks among the gay: the moralist and the writer of epigrams have equally shewn their abilities upon it; some have lamented, and some have ridiculed it; but as the faculty of writing has been chiefly a masculine endowment, the reproach of making the world miserable has been always thrown upon the woman; and the grave and the merry have equally thought themselves at liberty to conclude either with declamatory complaints or satirical censures of female folly or fickleness, ambition or cruelty, extravagance or lust.—Led by such a number of examples, and incited by my share in the common interest, I sometimes venture to consider this universal grievance, having endeavoured to divest my heart of all partiality, and place myself as a kind of neutral being between the sexes; whose clamours, if we attend only to the world passing before us, being equally loud, and vented on both sides with all the vehemence of distress, all the apparent confidence of justice, and all the indignation of injured virtue, seem, therefore, entitled to equal regard. The men have, indeed, by their superiority of writing, been able to collect the evidences in their favour by the venerable testimonies of philosophers, historians, and poets; but the pleas of the ladies appeal to passions of more forcible operation than the reverence of antiquity; if they have not so great names on

their side, they have stronger arguments; it is to little purpose that Socrates or Euripides are produced against the sighs of softness and the tears of beauty. The most frigid and inexorable judge would, at least, stand suspended between equal powers, as Lucian was perplexed in the determination of the cause, where the Deities were on one side, and Cato on the other. JOHNSON.

ANECDOTE

Of Dr. Goldsmith.

THOSE in the least acquainted with the private character of the doctor, know that *economy* and *foresight* were not amongst the catalogue of his virtues. In the suit of his pensioners (and he generally enlarged his list as he enlarged his finances) was the late unfortunate Jack Pilkington, of scribbling memory, who had served the doctor so many tricks, that he despaired of getting any more money from him, without coming out with a chef d'œure once for all. He accordingly called on the doctor one morning, and running about the room in a fit of joy, told him his fortune was made. "How so Jack?" says the doctor. "Why," says Jack, the duchess of Marlborough, you must know, has long had a strange *penchant* for a pair of *white mice*; now, as I knew they were sometimes to be had in the East-Indies, I commissioned a friend of mine, who was going out there, to get them for me, and he is this morning arrived with two of the most beautiful little animals in nature." After Jack had finished this account with a transport of joy, he lengthened his visage by telling the doctor all was ruined, for without *two guineas* to buy a cage for the mice, he could not present them. The doctor unfortunately, as he said himself, had but half a guinea in the world, which he offered him. But Pilkington was not to be beat out of his scheme; he perceived the doctor's watch hanging up in his room, and after premising on the indelicacy of the proposal, hinted, that if he could spare that watch for a week, he could raise a few guineas on it, which he would repay him with gratitude. The doctor would not be the means of spoiling a man's fortune for such a trifle. He accordingly took down the watch, and gave it to him, which Jack immediately took to the pawn-brokers, raised what he could on it, and never once looked after the doctor, till he sent to borrow another half guinea from him on his death-bed; which the other, under such circumstances, very generously sent him.

TRIFLES.

A gentleman having a pad that started and broke his wife's neck, a neighboring squire told him he wished to purchase it for *his wife* to ride upon. "No, no," says the other, "I will not sell the little fellow, *because* I intend to marry again myself."

RABELAIS tells us a story of Phillpot Placut, who being brisk and hale fell dead as he was paying an old debt; which perhaps causes many, says he, not to pay their's for fear of the like accident.

"Why Mr. ——" said a tall fellow the other day, to a little person, who was in company with five or six huge men, "I protest you are so *small* I did not see you before." "Very likely," replied the little gentleman—"I am like a *five-pence-half-penny* among *six sents*—not readily perceived, yet *worth the whole of them.*"

A brave tar, with a wooden leg, who was on board Admiral Parker's fleet in the engagement with the Dutch, having the misfortune to have the other shot off, as his comrades were conveying him to the surgeon, notwithstanding the poignancy of his agonies, (being a man of humour) he could not suppress his joke saying, "*It was high time for to leave off play, when his last pin was bowled down.*"

A widow lady resides at present in the Borough of Southwark, whose first husband was a *Butcher*, the second a *Tanner*, and her last a *Shoemaker*. The first almost starved her; the second used to beat her; and the third used to make her go bare-footed!

Philadelª, *May* 12, 1804.

THE JUBILEE.

THIS day will be celebrated by the citizens of Philadelphia, the important event of the acquisition of LOUISIANA to the *United States*—an event, which, in the annals of American history, will be traced with no less astonishment than satisfaction by every friend to liberty and peace, whilst recurring to an epoch when an infant country, without animosity, without hostility, without bloodshed, acquired an extensive, rich, and fertile territory, broke the chains of despotism, and caused a numerous wealthy, and respectable people to inhale the genial air of freedom.

The procession will move down *Second* to *South Street*—up *South* to *Third*—up *Third* to *Chesnut*—up *Chesnut* to *Fifth*—and into *Market street*—thence to the centre square, where the marshals will regulate the dispositions for the oration.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A work is now preparing for the press, which promises to become not only a rare and valuable book, for the use of schools; but a very entertaining and instructive family companion. It is entitled a *Compendious History of New-England*, from its first settlement to the present period—to be compiled by the Rev *Jedediah Morse*, and the Rev. *Elijah Parish*. We think it may be predicted, that this work if executed with the accustomed talent and research which these gentlemen have exhibited and bestowed in many other valuable productions, will have the greatest sale of any similar work ever published in this country. *Bost. Gaz.*

It is said the Emperor of Russia has with royal bounty provided for a translation of the works of Tacitus into the Russian Language. The only translation we have seen is the translation of L'Abbe d'Olivet's translation of the Thoughts of Cicero, for the use of Schools in Russia, and this certainly was a happy choice. This judicious selection was done into the Russian language, and printed in 1767. *Lond. Pap.*

Extract of a letter from Commodore Preble to the Secretary of the Navy, dated Malta, Jan 20, 1804.

"I have received further proposals (indirectly) from the Bashaw—he appears to be willling to give me as many of our officers and men as I have Tripolitans in exchange—for the remainder I suspect he is willing to take 400 dollars for each, and make peace without any consideration or annual tribute, and give us a frigate for a schooner. These terms, perhaps, may be thought favourable by the United States. I shall send a vessel to col. Lear to consult him, and in the mean time take the necessary steps for lessening the Bashaw's expectations." *Nat. In.*

COMMUNICATION.

MR. SCOTT,

THREE articles of great importance, but which *require confirmation*, occupy much attention at present:—the first is a round-about story of the King of England's death:—the second, equally authentic with the first, is the accession of Louis xviii. to the throne of France:—the third is from *female* authority, in substance as follows—that L'AMI, having procured from PROTEUS the power of transformation, did on Tuesday morning last *march* on the *wing* up chesnut-street at the head of a numerous army of the *advocates for Celibacy*, in the form of large black flies; it is supposed their intention was to demolish the Hymenial establishment in our City, but as two marriages did *really* take place on that day, and these insects not having been seen since, it is conjectured that they have discovered their scheme to be *very futile*, and hid themselves in some dark corner, to avoid the knowledge of what their souls detest. *S.*

MARRIED—On Tuesday morning last, at Friend's North Meeting, Mr. *Samuel Lippincott*, to Miss *Eleanor Edwards*, both of this city.

—— On Tuesday evening last, by the Rt. rev. Wm. White, Mr. *John B. Davy*, merchant, to Miss *Harriet Bridges*, both of this city.

—— On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Blackwell, Mr. *Fishbourn Wharton*, to Miss *Shoemaker*, daughter of Mr Abraham Shoemaker, all of this city.

To Correspondents.

The Editor acknowledges the receipt of two poetic communications from '*Alvander*;'—also, '*A Mouse's Petition*,' from '*B. B.*' each of which shall be noticed next week.

*** Subscribers will please to take notice, that the *fifth* payment of 25 cents will be collected on Saturday next, by the Carriers.

Temple of the Muses.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

REFLECTIONS,

Of a YOUNG POET *made near the close of* APRIL.

FIERCE raging winter, lo, is past,
And May will soon arrive;
The season now advancing fast,
Will Nature's charms revive.

What brilliant thoughts inspire my soul,
When I the prospect view;
In floods of bliss I seem to roll,
While I the theme pursue.

So late the dreary winter's storm,
Did nature's face conceal;
Her splendid beauties all deform,
And all her charms conceal.

That verdure and those beauties bright,
Which now begin to bloom,
Were buried in cold winter's night,
Their temporary tomb.

But now the dreary scene is fled,
And Nature's face once more,
With variegated beauties spread,
Is lively as before.

Hail May, sweet season of delight!
Thy presence all desire;
Thou theme on which the poets write,
And all mankind admire.

O, how enchanting is the sight,
Of Nature dress'd in green;
With what keen raptures of delight,
Do I behold the scene.

The blossoms of the vernal flow'rs,
And fruit-trees all in bloom,
Which fill the groves and shady bow'rs,
With fragrance and perfume.

Bright Phœbus's enlivening beams,
Still glimmering thro' the trees—
Beside me runs a gurgling stream,
And zephyrs balmy breeze.

The birds in sweet melodious voice,
Their notes responsive sing;
All kinds of animals rejoice,
All Nature hails the spring.

The rural grove, the verdant plain,
The slowly rising hill,
The fields adorn'd with growing grain,
With joy my bosom fill.

O, Nature! thy reviving charms,
Delight my feeling breast;
The pleasing sight my bosom warms,
And lulls my cares to rest.

I often ramble thro' the vale,
To take the cooling breeze;
And aromatic sweets inhale,
From Nature's blooming trees.

To view the lofty mountain's height,
Or wander thro' the glade;
And hear with exquisite delight,
The murmuring cascade.

The precipice and mountain steep,
Terrific and sublime,
Absorb me in reflection deep,
And thus I pass my time:

Secluded from a world of strife,
In pure extatic bliss;
O, could I always pass my life,
In such a state as this.

But I a different course must range,
And seek my lonely cot;
Time still revolves, the seasons change,
And all must be forgot.

Hail May, sweet season of delight!
Thy presence all desire;
Thou theme on which the poets write,
And all mankind admire.

AGRICOLA.

FLORA,

ON THE APPROACH OF CUPID.

[*By Dr.* DARWIN.]

DELIGHTED Flora, gazing from afar,
Greets with mute homage the triumphal car;
On silvery slippers steps with bosom bare,
Bends her white knee, and bows her auburn hair;
Calls to her purple heaths, and blushing bowers,
Bursts her green gems, and opens all her flowers;
O'er the bright pair a shower of roses sheds,
And crowns with wreaths of hyacinth their heads.—
—Slow roll the silver wheels, with snow-drops deck'd,
And primrose-bands the cedar spokes connect;
Round the fine pole the twisting woodbine clings,
And knots of jasmine clasp the bending springs;
Bright daisy links the velvet harness chain,
And rings of violets join each silken rein;
Festoon'd behind, the snow-white lilies bend,
And tulip tassels on each side depend.
—Slow rolls the car,—th' enamour'd flow'rs exhale
Their treasur'd sweets, and whisper to the gale;
Their ravelled buds, and wrinkled cups unfold,
Nod their green stems and wave their bells of gold;
Breathe their soft sighs from each enchanted grove,
And hail the Deities of Sexual Love.

THE POWER OF INNOCENCE.

[*Imitated from* Horace.]

THE blooming damsel, whose defence
Is adamantine innocence,
Requires no guardian to attend
Her steps, for Modesty's her friend.
Tho' her fair arms are weak to wield
The glitt'ring spear and massy shield,
Yet false from force and fraud combin'd,
She is an *Amazon in mind.*
With this artillery she goes,
Not only 'mongst the harmless beaux,
But e'en unhurt, and undismay'd,
Views the long sword and fierce cockade.
Tho' all a *Syren* as she talks,
Tho' all a *Goddess* as she walks,
Yet *Decency* each motion guides,
And *Wisdom* o'er her tongue presides.
Place her in *Russia*'s snowy plains,
Where a perpetual winter reigns;
The elements may rave and range,
Yet her fix'd mind will never change.
Place her, Ambition, in thy towers,
'Mongst the more dang'rous *golden* showers:
Ev'n there she'd spurn the venal tribe,
And fold her arms against the bribe.
Leave her defenceless, and alone,
A pris'ner in the Torrid Zone,
The sunshine there might vainly vie
With the bright lustre of her eye.
But Phœbus' self, with all his fire,
Could ne'er one *dubious* thought inspire,
But Virtue's path would quick prefer—
"Be wise, ye fair! and copy her."

THE POINTED EPIGRAM.

AN Eton boy, who did not want for wit,
In careless haste his exercise had writ;
How dare you, blockhead, quoth the master, bring
An Epigram to me that has no sting!
Pray, sir, forgive me, says the youth, this once,
Another time you shall not call me dunce.

A wasp, next day, the dext'rous stripling caught,
And, wrapp'd in paper, to his master brought;
What have you here? the purblind doctor cries,
An Epigram, good sir, the boy replies.
An Epigram! remember what you bring,
You know what follows if it has no sting.
He said—when, quickly, by the painful smart,
He found the rogue had not forgot the dart.

TERMS OF THE REPOSITORY.

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